

Love

by GoldenEagle

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Summary: Marco story. My first real short fic. I don't want to say too much...

Love

A/N: This is my first short fic I've put effort into. I might actually turn it into a series. Feedback, please. No flames for no reason, okay.

Love

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"Silently, one by one,

In the infinite meadows of Heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars.

The forget-me-nots of angels."

-Longfellow

As dusk descended and started to cover the land, the diminishing rays of the sinking sun struck the water then shone back up into the sky. Marco squinted quietly, trying to rid himself of this sinking feeling as the reflection of a star too far away to touch yet too close to ignore blinded him. He knew the sun must have the same feeling of sinking into nothingness, but the sun would return in all its glory. But him... He was not sure if he could ever be the same again.

He sat quietly in the grass, his pounding heart sighing at the release of some of its struggles. It hadn't even been a week since her fall which he caused. He still remembered her scream and his own mingling into one. He closed his eyes slowly and gently shook his head, but stopped when his brain felt as if it were crashing into the sides of his skull. He was so tired... So very tired...

He suddenly had the urge to speak to someone, but held his tongue, knowing how foolish he's feel in the end if he spoke out loud to nothing but the born-again stars and the once-more dying sun. Yet he felt something prodding him, begging him to speak, making it torture to do otherwise. He finally gave in.

"Why her? Why me? Why this Earth?! What did we do to deserve this? Sure, there was World War II and it's genocide, but that wasn't all of us! That wasn't ~me~..." His voice cracked weakly. He wanted to make a joke, to assure that he was still in control. But he knew he wasn't, and there was no one to joke around with.

"I'm just so tired. I want someone to know me like she did... Speak to me like she did... Hold me like she did... Love me like-" He couldn't finish the soft sentence and his body shook as he still fought to withhold the tears which were now battling to become sobs. A warmth and peace and love quickly surrounded him and he lost his fight as the wind and the moon watched his desperate pleas turn into a wordless call from the soul. The shedding of his tears.

As he let his body rest with the last rush of tears, he seemed to hear a voice, whispering as quietly and softly as a summer breeze, "She is not the only one who can know you... Speak to you... Hold you... Love you... I will do that now, and when you gain her back she will do all this again, and I will be needed no more." Those whispers were the last whispers he heard as he fell into a calm sleep, his tears still wet on his cheeks, a few drifting on his lips where they could be tasted and compared to the black, shimmering sea.

A sleek and graceful form released its embrace from Marco's shoulders as it glowed like the sun itself, its light breaking through the shadows. Yet nothing saw this being of light, of beauty. Shimmering golden hair twisted and twirled through the cooling autumn air and you could catch a glance of rose lips and ocean blue eyes which had a fire in them which burned much brighter than its holder. The invisible specter turned to leave but paused briefly, facing the boy's sleeping form once more. She leaned down and wiped away one of his tears which seemed to be made of silver as her light hit it. Her sleek fingers grazed his lips thoughtfully and he stirred, peace flowing at her touch.

She pulled away and frowned quizzically at this emotion which pestered her since she had been assigned to this human. A worldly feeling. A human feeling. A wonderful aching of her heart and very being. She knew only one small word for all its greatness.

Love.

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Marco woke the next morning, fully rested. He was calm and then he realized that the sun was back up when it should be down. He bolted up and dashed towards his house, hoping his dad had not yet awoken. He dismissed last night's events, knowing he had to concentrate on not getting in trouble right now instead of the heavenly feeling he had. Now the only real and clear feeling was that which seemed to flow from all around him last night and which directed itself at him.

Love.

As Marco burst into his house a shining pair of blue eyes watched him, yearning for him, knowing they could never touch, never truly talk without rules being broken and punishments being enforced.

All she had permission to do was to watch and comfort. And his angel did so with every ounce of power she was enabled and every bit of her heart attached, as she was slowly tortured by this overpowering and endless force.

Love.

BTW, this story is not biblically correct, that's why it's called fiction, so other Christians out there, remember, this is fiction. Open your mind...

End  
file.